STORMWATCH: TEAM ACHILLES #10

"RUN!"

by

Micah Ian Wright

Second Draft 01/15/03

Wildstorm Comics
888 Prospect Avenue
La Jolla, CA 92037

StormWatch: Team Achilles
#10 - **“RUN!”**
Written by Micah Ian Wright
Second Draft
January 15, 2003

PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

Tefibi stands in a kitchen of his NYC apartment, wearing a t-shirt and cotton shorts. No shoes! He pours a bowl full of “FREAKY CHARMS” cereal. Creepy Cereal Mascot peers out from the box. The Microwave clock next to his hand reads “06:30”.

CAPTION
Saturday morning, New York City.

PANEL TWO

Downshot on Tefibi’s apartment. It’s clean, neat and TINY! I’m talking about a miniature one-room studio apartment, one wall is a kitchen (microwave, small sink, fridge), another wall has a twin bed pushed up against it - the front door at the foot of the bed, the wall opposite the bed holds a giant computer/tv setup with a 100” wide-ratio flat-screen plasma high-def monitor/tv and a wicked-cool computer setup. Tefibi sits on the bed, his back against the wall, eating cereal, watching cartoons.

VOICE ONE (O.S.)
Duck Season!

VOICE TWO (O.S.)
Rabbit Season!

VOICE ONE (O.S.)
Duck Season!

VOICE TWO (O.S.)
Rabbit Season!

VOICE ONE (O.S.)
Rabbit Season!

VOICE TWO (O.S.)
I say it's **duck** season and I say **fire**!

PANEL THREE

Straight-On Tefibi sitting on the bed. The door to his right (our left) EXPLODES inwards off its hinges. Smoke billows around the frame. Tefibi spit-takes a mouthful of cereal onto the carpet.

SOUND E/FX
Pah-Krakk!

PAGE 2 **2**

PANEL ONE

Three SWAT-geared guys with guns pour through the swirling smoke in the shattered doorway. Their black helmets all read “CDSS” in yellow on the side- with a Nazi-like SS, not a rounded S.

CDSS AGENT 1
Go go go!

PANEL TWO

Tefibi’s POV. Facing upwards. The three CDSS Agents point their MP5’s right at camera. These guys should look like every citizen’s nightmare of faceless Government jackbooted thugs.

CDSS AGENT 1
Federal Agents, Get Down!

CDSS AGENT 2
Get on the goddamned ground!

CDSS AGENT 3
Down Down, get the fuck down!

PANEL THREE

Tefibi on the floor. A leather combat boot on the side of his head, squishing his face between the boot and the floor.

TEFIBI (SMALL FONT)
Urrrr...

SWAT GUY 1 (O.S.)
No Weapons, he’s clear.

SWAT GUY 2 (O.S.)
Where’s that body-scanner? Let’s make sure he doesn’t have a GPS transmitter or some kinda bio-weapon inside him somewhere.

SWAT GUY 3 (O.S.)
I got it. Hold on...

PANEL FOUR

Downshot. One of the Agents holds a Body Scanner is above on Tefibi’s head (like the one we used in Issue #1) showing an x-ray of his brains and spinal column. Nothing unusual.

CDSS AGENT 3
He’s clear. No tech or bio-surprises.

CDSS AGENT 2 (INTO RADIO)
Good. Get him up.

PAGE 3 **3**

PANEL ONE

The CDSS Goons have Tefibi on the edge of his bed. They cuff his wrists behind his back with those plastic strip-cuffs.

TEFIBI
What the fuck is going on? Who are you people? Am I under arrest? I want a lawyer, shitbirds!

CDSS AGENT 2
Shut The Fuck Up.

PANEL TWO

One of the CDSS Agents gut-punches Tefibi. Another one talks into a cel phone.

CDSS AGENT 1
We're clear here, command.

RADIO VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Good job. Pack up the target's computer and bring it and him to **Location Bravo**.

CDSS AGENT 1
Affirmative. Squad One out.

PANEL THREE

In the foreground, one of the CDSS Goons holds his MP5 to Tefibi's head. In the background, one of the other jackbooted thugs violently tear Tefibi's computer away from the wall, popping off the cables, strewing the keyboard and other accessories all over the place. The third goon looks between the monitor and the wall.

CDSS AGENT 3
Do we need the monitor? I can't figure out how to get it off the wall.

TEFIBI
Hey! Hands off my gear, Monkeyboy!

PANEL FOUR

The CDSS Goon next to Tefibi fires his sound-supressed MP5 into the monitor, utterly destroying it. Tefibi is horrified.

SOUND E/FX
ThakThakThakThak!

TEFIBI
NOOOOOO! That's an Eighteen Thousand Dollar hi-def plasma monitor!

PAGE 4 **4**

PANEL ONE

The Goons jerk Tefibi to his feet. One of the goons walks towards the doorway with the computer.

CDSS AGENT 1
I said Shut Up. Next time that’ll be you.

CDSS AGENT 1
Let’s move out.

PANEL TWO

Close on the agent with the computer as he walks through the doorway. It’s crackling with electrical discharges firing from the doorway, arcing through the computer and passing out to the other side of the doorway.

CDSS AGENT 3
Holy Shit!

TEFIBI (O.S.)
Hahahahahaha!

PANEL THREE

On Tefibi, being restrained by one of the other CDSS goons. He’s laughing his ass off.

TEFIBI
Boom, Bitch! There’s a quarter mile of electrified copper wire around every window and door frame in this place!

TEFIBI
You can kiss whatever INTEL you hoped to steal off my computer Good-Fucking-Bye, shitsuckers!

TEFIBI
I bet your fucking boss is gonna love that, huh, Morons? He’s probably gonnna kill-

PANEL FOUR

One of the CDSS guys whacks Tefibi in the face with the butt of his MP5. Tefibi is down for the count.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 5 **5**

PANEL ONE

Black Panel.

CDSS AGENT 1
I think he’s coming around.

PANEL TWO

Wide shot on Tefibi. His feet and wrists are shackled to a metal chair which is bolted to the ground in the center of a blackened concrete room. A black cloth bag is over his head. He’s still wearing his shorts and t-shirt. A bright interrogation lamp shines down onto his hooded head.

TEFIBI
Uhhhnn... goddamned monitor cost me three months salary, you pieces of shit...

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
Yeah, he’s awake. Take the hood off of him.

PANEL THREE

CDSS Agent #2 stands in the cone of bright light next to Tefibi, pulling the black hood off Tefibi’s head. Agent #2 has taken off his BDU top, helmet and balaclava mask. He’s a muscle-bound ugly monster with a pushed-in face. Scary. He wears his BDU pants and a stained white-ish Wifebeater T-shirt and black leather gloves.

TEFIBI
Where the fuck am I? Am I under arrest?

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
You don’t ask **ME** questions. I ask **YOU** questions.

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
Show Curious George what happens when he asks questions.

PANEL FOUR

Lock off the shot for these next few panels. Keep the camera at about waist-level so we don’t see the face of Agent #2, but the camera is pointed right at Tefibi.

Agent #2 PUNCHES Tefibi HARD in the Kidneys. This should look like it hurts.

TEFIBI
Aaaagkkk!

PAGE 6 **6**

PANEL ONE

On Tefibi bent over in pain, glaring out into the darkness.

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
Does that make things clear for you?

TEFIBI
It's clear that whoever you are, you hit a lot harder than your fellow pussies at the FBI.

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
You don't learn do you?

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
Teach him.

PANEL TWO

Agent #2 punches Tefibi in the face.

TEFIBI
Ehhhhkkk!

PANEL THREE

Tefibi smiles out at the darkness, his eye is beginning to swell. Agent #2 is rubbing his fist with his other hand.

TEFIBI
You know who I work for, right? You gotta know what Santini's going to do to you. What makes you think you can get away with this shit?

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
Wait. Don't hit him. I want to answer that.

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi stares in amazement, his mouth open in horror/shock.

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
Khalid Tefibi, you are NOT under arrest. By Presidential Decree you have been declared an Unlawful Enemy Combatant and have been remanded to the custody of the Civil Defense Administration for indefinite detainment.

TEFIBI
You're calling me a terrorist? That's total bullshit! I'm an American Citizen! I work for the United Nations! I want a lawyer!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
Now you can hit him.

PANEL FIVE

Agent #2 open-palm slaps Tefibi across the face, HARD!

TEFIBI
Fuuurghk!

PAGE 7 **7**

PANEL ONE

Blood streams from Tefibi’s nose. His eye is totally swollen shut. He smiles into the darkness.

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
You brought it up, so let’s talk about your work at the United Nations.

TEFIBI
Forget that. You think I want to be as dead as you’re going to be soon?

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
Maybe you’d like to dance some more with Agent Palmer?

PANEL TWO

Tefibi smirks.

TEFIBI
Keep it up, bitch. I’m bored already. What do you think you can pitch me that I didn’t already catch in **Pelican Bay Penitentiary**?

TEFIBI
Hadn’t considered that one, had you, Fuckwit? Thought I was soft because I sit behind a desk playing with computers? Fuck You **with** the horse you rode in on, you jackbooted fascist!

PANEL THREE

Agent #2 gets Tefibi’s neck in a chokehold and begins to choke him out.

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
You really need to start listening more and talking less.

TEFIBI
(small font)
Fuck... Your... Nazi... Momma.

CDSS AGENT 1 (O.S.)
You swear too much.

PANEL FOUR

Bigger panel. Wider angle on Tefibi in Agent #2’s armlock. We can see Agent #1 sitting opposite Tefibi, sitting backwards on a metal chair, resting his arms on the top of the chair’s back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The shadows of the cement cell are slightly dispelled by the bright light shining into the room from a door which has been opened. The shadows of two people fall across Tefibi and Agent #2.

IVANA BAIUL (O.S.)
Enough. This is pointless. Admit your failure and move on, Agent Harrison.

CDSS AGENT 1
I’m sorry, Director. His psych profile indicated a susceptibility to physical pain...

IVANA BAIUL (O.S.)
Those reports were obviously made before the FBI sent him inside Pelican Bay SuperMax prison for three years. Let him go.

PAGE 8 **8**

PANEL ONE

On Agent #2 whispers in Tefibi's ear as he lets go of his neck.

CDSS AGENT 2
(small font)
Your lucky day.

TEFIBI
(small font)
I said Fuck Your Nazi Momma and I meant it.

PANEL TWO

The two Agents move up against the wall behind the chair as a woman with black hair (we can't see her shadowed face) in a female executive powersuit sits down on Agent #1's chair.

TEFIBI
I've already met Bad Cop and S&M Cop. Does that make you the Good Cop?

TEFIBI
So you pulled your attack dog off of my neck. Am I supposed to melt into a puddle of goo and roll over on my boss and teammates? Sorry, not going to happen.

IVANA BAIUL
Agent Harrison, turn up the lights.

PANEL THREE

The lights come on, revealing IVANA BAIUL! A CDSS passcard on her coat reads "Director" and on the second line "Baiul, Ivana" with a thumbprint below her photo.

IVANA BAIUL
Hello Khalid, remember me?

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi strains at his bonds, trying to snap his metal shackles in order to leap at Baiul and kill her. He's REALLY angry here.

TEFIBI
YOU! I'll **KILL** YOU! KILL YOU!

PAGE 9 **9**

PANEL ONE

CDSS Agent #1 looks at Tefibi and Baiul with a raised eyebrow. Tefibi looks like he’s about to tear his hands off to beat her to death with his stumps.

CDSS AGENT 1
I wasn’t aware that you knew the subject, Director Baiul.

IVANA BAIUL
Oh, it was a long time ago... and Khalid knew me by a totally different name, didn’t you, Khalid?

TEFIBI
I’ll KILL YOU! Shank your eyes! Grind Your Bones!

PANEL TWO

Baiul smiles as if recalling something really funny.

IVANA BAIUL
You see, Khalid went to Prison for hacking the Pentagon’s main server and demolishing all personnel and financial records for several of their more unorthodox and Black Bag projects.

IVANA BAIUL
He claimed in court that he had been hired to do it by an agent of International Operations as part of a check on computer system security.

IVANA BAIUL
Unfortunately, the agent he named in court didn’t seem to have any record of ever having existed.

PANEL THREE

Behind Tefibi’s back. We can see where his wrists are starting to bleed as he struggles to get out of his steel manacles and choke Ivana to death. Ivana watches in the background, smiling.

TEFIBI
It was **YOU**, you monstrous bitch! Oh, you’re **dead**! I dreamed of killing you every night for three long years! And if I don’t, Santini will!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IVANA BAIUL
I’m back with the government, Khalid. I’m the new Director of the Civil Defense Administration.

IVANA BAIUL
I protect the American Homeland from sinister foreign sleeper agents such as yourself.

IVANA BAIUL
It’s my payback for the little redecorating job I organized on your One-World-Government headquarters a few months back.

PANEL FOUR

Ivana leans down over Tefibi’s face, just out of reach of his teeth with which he’s trying to bite her face.

IVANA BAIUL
I’m protected from on high, Khalid. Ben Santini can never touch me. You’re all alone here.

IVANA BAIUL
Now. Why don’t we talk about the work you’re doing for Santini. Why don’t you tell me all about Ben’s long-term plan for StormWatch.

IVANA BAIUL
Because I know there is one... and a smart guy like you?

IVANA BAIUL
You’re just the guy to have figured it out.

PAGE 10 **10**

PANEL ONE

Tefibi SPITS in Baiul’s face. She’s not pleased.

SOUND E/FX
Pftooogh.

IVANA BAIUL
Eeuuaghhh!

TEFIBI
That’s for the welcome wagon I pulled my first night I was at Pelican Bay. Plenty more where that’s coming from, Cooze.

PANEL TWO

Ivana wiping her face off. In the BG, CDSS Agent #2 is hiding a smile at her discomfort.

IVANA BAIUL
You’re going to wish you hadn’t done that.

IVANA BAIUL
Get the brainsucker.

CDSS AGENT 1
I don’t think that’s a good idea, Director...

PANEL THREE

Ivana transfixes the Agent with a deadly look.

IVANA BAIUL
You haven’t had a **good idea** all day. First you lost his computer data, then you beat him into silence and now you’re questioning **my** orders?

IVANA BAIUL
Maybe you’d like a **turn** in **his** chair?

CDSS AGENT 1
No, Director.

PANEL FOUR

Agent #1 leans out the door calling to someone out in the hallway.

CDSS AGENT 1
Okay, you’re up.

CDSS AGENT 1
Try to leave this one still working when you’re finished.

PAGE 11 **11**

PANEL ONE

1/4 page high, 1/2 page wide. On Tefibi, sneering.

TEFIBI
Oooh, “Get the brainsucker.” “Bring In The Brainsucker.” “Watch Out! Here comes The Brainsucker!”

TEFIBI
Get fucking real. Like some stupid ass scary name is going to make me piss my pants. C’mon. I’m not some-

PANEL TWO

1/4 page high, 1/2 page wide. Same shot. A shadow falls over Tefibi’s face. He’s utterly horrified by whatever it is in front of him.

TEFIBI
What the fuck is that thing?

PANEL THREE

Over-the-shoulder upangle shot from Tefibi’s pov... Looming over him is something like you’d get if you crossed a human with an octopus. Two human legs, two human arms... and a bunch of tentacles hanging off of those arms. A bulbous wet rubbery head with black dead-looking shark eyes. A mouth... vaguely human looking. VERY HIDEOUS AND SCARY. Cthulhu-esque.

Standing next to BRAINSUCKER is Ivana, smiling to beat the band.

IVANA BAIUL
You just couldn’t play this the easy way, could you? I’m not too surprised. Ben always had a good eye for recruiting loyalty.

TEFIBI
You get that thing away from me! Seriously, let’s talk... maybe we can work something out!

IVANA BAIUL
Oh, we’re well past that stage now. Why should I buy the cow when I’m about to get the milk for free, Khalid?

PANEL FOUR

The Brainsucker faces Tefibi and grabs his shoulders. The tentacles hover menacingly around Tefibi’s face.

CONTINUED:

TEFIBI
Get this thing OFF OF ME!

PANEL FIVE

The tentacles attach themselves all over Tefibi’s face and head and neck. GROSS!

TEFIBI
Aaaaaaaaghhhhhh!

PAGE 12 **12**

PANEL ONE

On Brainsucker & Ivana looking downwards at Tefibi who has slacked forward in his chair... like his brain has been switched off. Eyes open and blank. Face blank.

IVANA BAIUL
Find something, Brainsucker?

BRAINSUCKER
(find or make a cool creepy font for this guy... definitely not a normal font)
I wish you wouldn’t call me that, Ms. Baiul. I have a name. It’s Agent Doug Carlyle.

IVANA BAIUL
I don’t care what you like to be called, Agent Carlye. If I call you Captain Leechmaster, you’ll answer to Captain Leechmaster and like it. You read me, freak?

BRAINSUCKER
Yes, Director Baiul.

PANEL TWO

Brainsucker turns his head away from Ivana and squints his creepy eyes.

BRAINSUCKER
There’s something here in his long-term memory... something hidden!

IVANA BAIUL
Well, suck it on outta there, Sergeant Brainsucker!

BRAINSUCKER
Did you say they have a telepath working with them?

IVANA BAIUL
Yes, a really weak one... Level Eight or Nine. Nowhere near your Level Three talents, Agent Carlye. Why?

BRAINSUCKER
It’s just that whatever this is, it’s really well protected...

PANEL THREE

Brainsucker stiffens up abruptly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAINSUCKER
CUH-CUH-CUH-CUH-CONTACT!

IVANA BAIUL
What is it? Harrison, Palmer! Help me!

PANEL FOUR

Baiul, Palmer & Harrison pull Brainsucker away from Tefibi. His leechy arm protrusions pulling away from poor Khalid’s face and head. Khalid’s eyelids flutter as he comes out of his trance.

CDSS AGENT 2
Awww, his skin is all jellylike! Fuck, this is sick!

CDSS AGENT 1
What the Hell’s wrong with him?

TEFIBI
Uhhhnnn...

PANEL FIVE

Small inset panel. Brainsucker’s hand grabbing Agent Harrison’s service revolver out of its holster.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 13 **13**

PANEL ONE

Brainsucker on the ground, bringing up Harrison’s gun.

CDSS AGENT 1
Watch Out, he’s got-

PANEL TWO

Harrison’s head explodes. Palmer goes to punch Brainsucker.

SOUND E/FX
KRAKK

CDSS AGENT 2
You Motherf-

PANEL THREE

Brainsucker shoots Agent Palmer (wifebeater t-shirt guy) through the bottom of his chin, blowing off the top of his head.

SOUND E/FX
KRAKK

PANEL FOUR

Brainsucker on his back, Harrison & Palmer’s corpses on top of him. He empties the gun into Invana’s face. Muzzle flash obscures what type of damage is being done to her.

IVANA BAIUL
Nooooo!

SOUND E/FX
KRAKK KRAKK KRAKK KRAKK CLIKK CLIKK CLIKK

PAGE 14 **14**

PANEL ONE

Tefibi stares at the scene of horror at his feet. Ivana’s hair obscures her shot face, the other two guys should be REALLY GRISLY, though.

BRAINSUCKER is sitting up, reaching for Agent Palmer’s ankle-holstered pistol.

BRAINSUCKER
Khalid. Hey, Bruh, it’s me, dude, Avi Barak.

TEFIBI
Hah?

BRAINSUCKER
Well, not really me, more like a outgoing voicemail tape of myself I recorded in your mind and this stupid television psychic wannabe just played back to utterly devastating effects.

PANEL TWO

Brainsucker pulls at Harrison’s belt for the handcuff key to Tefibi’s cuff. Tefibi is creeped out.

TEFIBI
In my brain?

BRAINSUCKER
Yeah! Don’t worry, it’s just a recording, dude. When this mook played it back, I was imprinted onto his brain.

TEFIBI
What do I do now?

BRAINSUCKER
I don’t know. This is a really small consciousness subroutine, Tefibi. It’s mostly programmed for massive violence not for critical thinking. Try another question.

PANEL THREE

Brainsucker uncuffs Tefibi’s hands.

TEFIBI
How do I get out of here?

CONTINUED:

BRAINSUCKER

Out the door, turn left, end of hallway, turn right, take the 2nd door on your left, up the stairs, down the hall, take the ladder at the end of the hall marked “Service.”

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi stands, rubbing his raw, skinned, uncuffed wrists while Agent #2 uncuffs his feet.

BRAINSUCKER

Any other questions?

TEFIBI

Are there any more surprises built into my brain? Ones that could make me, say, kill myself if I’m captured?

BRAINSUCKER

I wouldn’t tell you if there were. Then it wouldn’t be a surprise for another psychic who might probe you.

TEFIBI

Oh.

PANEL FIVE

Small inset panel. Silhouette of Brainsucker in the foreground shooting his brains out, Tefibi watching in horror in the midground.

BRAINSUCKER

See you at the UN.

SOUND E/FX

Krakk

PAGE 15 **15**

PANEL ONE

Tefibi reaches down for the gun, still smoking in Brainsucker’s meaty paw. It’s near the “dead” Ivana Baiul’s hand.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Ivana’s hand closes around Tefibi’s wrist. She turns her head up towards Tefibi. There are four bullet holes in her face. Half of her face has been ripped away, exposing metal and robotics underneath. She’s hardly human... like a good Doombot or a LMD or something. Sparks shoot from her mouth as she speaks.

IVANA BAIUL
Where do you think YOU’RE going?

TEFIBI
AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

PANEL THREE

Tefibi fires the gun into Ivanabot’s face. Right between the eyes.

SOUND E/FX
Krakk

PANEL FOUR

Ivana, laughing at Tefibi.

IVANA BAIUL
Hahahaha! You think I keep my brain inside my head? Come On, Khalid! You’re an engineer! Think like one! It’s inside the torso surrounded by eight inches of solid diamonsteel!

TEFIBI
You’re fucking crazy!

PANEL FIVE

Tefibi fires the gun into Ivanabot’s wrist, shattering it.

SOUND E/FX
Krakk Krakk Krakk

PANEL SIX

Tefibi runs out of the concrete cell, Ivana’s hand still attached to his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IVANA BAIUL (O.S.)
Come back here with my god-damned hand!

PAGE 16 **16**

PANEL ONE

Tefibi runs down a concrete hallway, pulling off Ivana’s hand. At the end of the Hallway is a sign with an arrow pointing left and another pointing right

LEFT ARROW TEXT
Heating Controls

RIGHT ARROW TEXT
Parking Garage

PANEL TWO

Tefibi peeks around the corner. The hallway is empty. The left side of the corridor has several steel doors set into it.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Tefibi pulls open the 2nd door, cautiously, peeking through. In front of him is a set of stairs.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi running up the stairs.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

Tefibi runs down a hallway towards a metal ladder.

LADDER SIGN
Service Ladder

PANEL SIX

Tefibi on the ladder pushing upwards and sliding open a manhole cover with his hands, the revolver butt sticking out of his pocket.

TEFIBI
Oh, you gotta be fucking kidding me.

PAGE 17 **17**

PANEL ONE

Big Panel. Upshot from behind Tefib’s back. He’s sticking halfway out of the manhole with his arms raised in surrender. Standing in front of him are your JLA archetypes from the cover of #10.

Clockwise on the cover, I’m naming them JANNISARY (chick with the whips), IDEAL (guy with the gloves!), MONGOOSE (Guy With the Cape), GRAVEL GIRL (girl with the gravel), WHIZZY (Running Guy), THOHONG (the guy with the cape, fangs & funky ears).

MONGOOSE should ALWAYS be standing in weird bent-knees pose, hiding behind another team member with his cape pulled up around his face like he’s imitating Dracula.

The team is in some awsome pose designed to scare the living bejesus out of Tefibi. Gravel Girl should be riding a wave of Gravel (like that old Teen Titans character, Terra)

Behind them is the Washington D.C. Mall with the Washington Monument standing tall towards the sky in the distance.

IDEAL
You didn’t think you could really **Escape**, did you you? Director Baiul heard your entire route. It took **WHIZZY** less than twenty nanoseconds to run here.

WHIZZY
Pico. Picoseconds. And stop calling me Whizzy.

IDEAL
Khalid Tefibi, you were **doomed** the minute that they called us...

IDEAL
(shouting in a huge elaborate logo font followed by an obvious trademark symbol)
THE CIVIL DEFENSE SQUADRON(TM)!

PANEL TWO

On Santini trying to stifle a giggle.

TEFIBI
Hmmmmmph!

PANEL THREE

1/2 page wide On Ideal. He’s pissed.

IDEAL
What? What are you laughing at?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

1/2 page wide. On Tefibi climbing out of his manhole.

TEFIBI

You. You’re such a bunch of tools. I’m an out of shape computer engineer. You caught me. Big Deal. Stop screaming your team name at the top of your lungs and take me back to your goddamned gulag already.

PAGE 18 **18**

PANEL ONE

Whizzy is miffed. Gravel Girl puts her rocky hand on his arm to comfort him. Jannisary points her whip handle at Whizzy in anger.

WHIZZY
See, this is what I was talking about! How are we supposed to strike fear into the hearts of Domestic Terrorists with stupid ass codenames like **Whizzy** and **Gravel Girl**?

GRAVEL GIRL
But that's what I am! I'm a teenager made of Gravel! It just makes sense!

JANNISARY
Yeah, and my codename's not stupid!

WHIZZY
That's because YOU have a cool codename! **JANNISARY** sounds COOL! You and **IDEAL** are totally boss, but look at the rest of us!

PANEL TWO

Whizzy points to Mongoose and Thohong. Mongoose is lurking behind Thohong. Tefibi edges slowly away from the group of arguing SPBs.

WHIZZY
Whizzy, **Mongoose** and **Thohong**?!

WHIZZY
WHIZZY sounds like I've got some kind of **bladder problem.** Oh, and what the **HELL** is a **Thohong**?!

THOHONG
It Is Our Name, Earthman, and we suggest that you speak it with **Reverence.**

PANEL THREE

Whizzy gets up in Thohong's face. In the BG, Tefibi is blending into a group of tourists in the background watching the SPBs.

WHIZZY
And I'm getting tired of that, too. Who wants to take a bet that this clown's real name is Rob Lavender and he's from Scranton, Ohio?

THOHONG
Thohong has warned you, fool!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHIZZY
Stop talking about yourself in the third fucking person, Thong-tha-thong-thong-thong!

PANEL FOUR

A crowd of tourists has gathered in a circle around the SPBs and is taking photos of them. Tefibi is totally unseen.

IDEAL
Let’s take this off the street, teammates! It’s poor taste to air our dirty laundry in public!

PANEL FIVE

Small inset panel. Ideal’s slightly panicked.

IDEAL
Hey, where’d the Terrorist go?

PAGE 19 **19**

PANEL ONE

Tefibi runs down the Washington Mall as fast as he can towards a woman and her kid. The woman is talking on a cel phone.

WOMAN
Yeah, they have a five hour wait at the Holocaust Museum, and I said forget that, who's got five hours to sit arou-

PANEL TWO

Tefibi's got her phone.

WOMAN
Hey! My phone!

TEFIBI
(into phone)
She'll call you back.

PANEL THREE

1/2 page wide. Tefibi runs towards the Air & Space Museum. Here's a page with some pictures (and there are tons more... just google it up) http://www.sterni.net/pictures/washingtondc/

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

1/2 page wide. Same shot, only now WHIZZY is standing in front of Tefibi with his arms crossed. Speed lines and a huge vacuum cloud of dust and wind tug at Tefibi's hair and clothes.

TEFIBI
Shit!

WHIZZY
Come on. Stupid name or no, you can't outrun me. I'm the Mach Five Man.

WHIZZY
Hey, that's good! Maybe I should call myself Mach Five...

PANEL FIVE

Ideal flies into frame.

IDEAL
Whizzy!

CONTINUED:

WHIZZY
Not any more! You can call me **Mach Five!**

IDEAL
Look what you’ve done, you rash idiot!

PAGE 20 **20**

PANEL ONE

Camera behind Tefibi, Whizzy and Ideal as they look at the Washington Mall. A huge worn-down path shows the track that Whizzy tore across the Mall on. All around the mall to either side of his trail are wounded tourists bleeding like they were dropped into a blender.

IDEAL
Your sonic speed created a multi-mach vacuum tornado which spat rocks and gravel into the crowd!

WHIZZY
It’s not MY fault! I told you we hadn’t practiced enough to be operating in public!

WHIZZY
(small font)
Especially not with these stupid codenames and gay-ass pervert suits.

PANEL TWO

Ideal is pissed. He reaches his BARE HAND towards Tefibi’s arm. Thohong is flying into scene.

IDEAL
Gosh Darn it, Whizzy! This ends now. We’re taking the terrorist back to Director Baiul and then you’re off the team!

PANEL THREE

Inset panel as Ideal’s hand grabs Tefibi’s bare forearm. There is a slight electric blue-ish electrical glow around his fist.

IDEAL
Contact!

PANEL FOUR

Idea stares down at Tefibi, smiling impishly.

IDEAL
Hey, bruh. It’s me, Barak. Last chance, dude... third recording wipes your brain.

TEFIBI
Jesus, Barak, I’m gonna kill you, you sneaky motherfucker!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IDEAL
Don’t tell me, baby, I’m just a recording. Now **RUN**!

PANEL FIVE

With one hand, Ideal two-finger pokes Whizzy in the neck, crushing his windpipe. His other hand is drawn back to punch Thothong.

WHIZZY
GURKKK-

THOHONG
Bob? What’s going-

PAGE 21 **21**

IDEAL’s punch lifts ThoThong off his feet and out of panel so fast that he’s nothing but a BLUR OF COLOR. No distinct details at all. Whizzy’s hands are at his own throat, his upper body gyrating in super-speed as he chokes to death at Mach Five. He’s all blurred out, but with little multiple images of him over a field of color.

WHIZZY
Urk! Urk! Urk!

PANEL TWO

Thothong flies backwards towards the Washington Monument.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Side shot on the Washington Monument. A tiny Thothong smashes through one side at a 30 degree upwards angle and smashes out 10 feet above the site of impact on the other side of the Monument, shattering it. The top of the Washington Monument is starting to fall away.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

On Tefibi, face bruised and beaten, hair gross, utterly exhausted dials his stolen cel phone. Behind him, IDEAL is VAPORIZING Gravel Girl with his Heat Ray breath and vision (red beams emit from both his eyes and wide-open mouth). Jannisary has a whip around his neck and is trying to choke him unconscious. To Tefibi’s left, a Blue StormWatch Door circle is opening up.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

Stormwatch teleport room. Ben Santini and Avi Barak are sitting on office chairs, using Tefibi’s computer gear to watch NFL football. Behind them, Tefibi is walking through the teleport door.

ANNOUNCER
And he’s got the ball and he’s on the 40 yard line... he’s on the 30... the 20...

SANTINI
Go, go, go go, run you sonofabitch!

TEFIBI
(small text)
Help...

PAGE 22 **22**

PANEL ONE

The announcer cuts in on the game. Santini and Barak are disgusted. Tefibi continues to walk forward, un-noticed, gasping for help. Behind him, emerging from the blue circle is MONGOOSE. He has a spiked mace raised to mash out Tefibi’s brains.

ANNOUNCER
We interrupt this program to bring you the news that an unknown group of Super Powered Beings are utterly demolishing the Washington Mall...

BARAK
Aw, what is this crap!? Who cares? Get back to the game!

PANEL TWO

Tefibi falls to his knees. Behind him, IDEAL’s fist reaches through the glowing circle and grabs MONGOOSE by the neck, pulling him backwards.

TEFIBI
Help... Me!

ANNOUNCER
We now return you to the game in progress.

SANTINI
About time!

PANEL THREE

The teleport circle is closed, Mongoose it gone. The TV is back on the game. Santini shakes his fist at the monitor. Barak is looking at Tefibi.

ANNOUNCER
What an astounding run! An amazing score!

SANTINI
Shit we totally missed it!

BARAK
Hey, Bruh! I thought you had the day off? What’re you drag-assing in here for?

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi flat on the teleport grid, staring towards camera.

CONTINUED:

TEFIBI
Sometimes I really hate this fucking job.

THE END, BABY!